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The Week

PLANS are now well underway which, if they are carried out, will attach to the opening of the Washington Conference, the significance of a solemn popular religious ceremony. The Conference will come together on November 11th, but it will not on that day transact any business. It will merely assemble and then proceed to Arlington Cemetery where it will pay tribute to America's unknown dead in the World War. The body of an Unknown Soldier will be buried and the President will deliver a funeral oration over his grave. But it is not only the delegates to the Conference and the residents of Washington who will participate in the ceremony. The President hopes that the American people will cease on that day from transacting their ordinary affairs and themselves repeat or echo in their own neighborhoods the ceremony at the Arlington Cemetery. He will ask them to hold at the same hour of the same day in churches and elsewhere special meetings for the double purpose of commemorating the unknown dead and for the expression of their deep longing that the Conference may achieve a substantial success in its work of pacification.

THE President will, we hope, insist on the carrying out of the proposed ceremony. We do not know what idea was in the minds of those people who first suggested the association between a solemn celebration of the opening of the Washington Conference and a solemn burial of the body of the Unknown Soldier, but the association is neither accidental nor superficial. Americans who seek to promote disarmament and pacification can use a nation-wide double ceremony of this kind to arouse the American people to some consciousness of what the Washington Conference ought to mean in relation to their performance in the World War. At present they are not much interested in the Conference. They do not understand what it may and should accomplish, and they do not see in it an attempt to achieve in another way a part of the result which their leaders sought to accomplish by declaring war on Germany. The proposed double ceremony can and should be used to reawaken after three years and under more propitious surroundings some of their idealistic memories of the dispatch of the A. E. F. to France.

THE Unknown Soldier is the symbol of the obscure and humble volunteer or conscript—of the man who since the beginning of organized society has served his rulers as cannon-fodder, but who with more than ordinary goodwill sacrificed his life in the late war at the bidding of his country. But the Unknown Soldier of America was encouraged to let a new hope stir in his heart. He was asked to risk his life not merely for the safety of his country but in order that humble people like himself might become the citizens of a nation which would not need to use them as cannon-fodder. He went and he died, but the hope which he was entitled to cherish died with him and the promise remains unfulfilled. Perhaps if a large part of the American nation kneel down on the same day and pray that they, the living, may still

do something to redeem their promise to the dead, they may welcome the Washington Conference with a better understanding of its possibilities and with an uncompromising demand for genuine achievement.

IF the ceremonial meetings are held on Armistice Day all over the country, their organizers will, we hope, give them the meaning which we have just indicated. It would, of course, be a grave mistake to use them to stir up old controversies or as an excuse covertly to attack the Republicans for keeping the United States out of the League of Nations. No matter whether one approves or does not approve of American participation in the League, one may still work for the success of the Washington Conference and one may still believe that, if it is to be a success, the more alert and sensitive part of the American people must be aroused to the solemnity of the occasion. The Conference is much more likely to be a success if it undertakes its work in a medium of eager, expectant and even exigent popular opinion. This medium does not exist now. But it can be created. It is up to civilians, who believed in American entrance into the war but who did not themselves participate in the fighting, to do what they can to utilize every opportunity to redeem the sins and failures of the past. It is particularly up to American clergymen and American women to take their place on the moral firing line. It should be added that both groups are interested and earnest and are getting underway—particularly the women. A few score of them in different parts of the country are working more intelligently and more wholeheartedly to make the Conference a possible success than any similar group of men.

MR. DE VALERA in his last message to Mr. Lloyd George has approached as nearly as possible to middle ground in the controversy between them. He disclaims any intention of seeking to secure preliminary recognition, formal or informal, of the Irish Republic. He points out that it is because of the difference in regard to Irish independence that negotiation is necessary. He presses Mr. Lloyd George for a final answer as to whether his letter of September 7th was "a demand for surrender on our part or an invitation to a conference free on both sides and without prejudice should agreement not be reached." He forecasts "a treaty of accommodation and association . . . between the people of these two islands, and between Ireland and the group of States in the British Commonwealth." He thus accepts the idea of special association with Great Britain and

the Empire while reserving the right of Ireland to pass freely on its terms. For Mr. Lloyd George to admit this right, is to use the key to peace with Ireland which the London Nation described last July: "English people have to rise to a new conception of their relation with the people of Ireland. They have to think of Ireland as a nation negotiating with England, and not as a subject people receiving or about to receive something from England."

TWO weeks ago, before Mr. de Valera's first reply to Mr. Lloyd George's invitation from Inverness, this message would have made the conference certain. In the meantime, however, Mr. Lloyd George has committed himself as a condition of conference to the demand of allegiance to the crown and acceptance of the Empire on the part of the Irish. Mr. de Valera's letter leaves it possible indeed for Mr. George to hold the conference without specifically insisting on this oath of allegiance, but will he do so? He must decide quickly. Rioting has broken out again in Belfast. Accusations of breaches of the truce on the part of the British troops in Cork are made by the officers of the Republican army. It has happened before that peaceful efforts on the part of statesmen have been defeated by warlike tactics of subordinates, and Dublin Castle has set Downing Street at naught. It may be that in the moment of final difficulty and possible success the dark forces are making a desperate effort to blight the fairest prospect of peace that England and Ireland have seen. If the condition of the world and the danger of civilization ever justified one nation in speaking to another it is the time for America to speak to England.

ANew crisis is clearly approaching in Germany. The efforts of the present government to meet its obligations for reparations abroad have resulted in admitted and utter bankruptcy. It may pay on October 1st, but if so it will certainly default on the next pay day, and then the fat will be in the fire. A state which goes into bankruptcy must no less than a corporation have its liabilities scaled down, but in the case of a state like Germany the diverse nature of the debts makes the process of scaling down difficult. The domestic creditors want the scaling down to take place chiefly at the expense of the creditors abroad, while the creditors abroad insist that it take place chiefly at the expense of German citizens. As a matter of fact neither will get much of their money. A gigantic act of repudiation will slowly take place and what the results of it will be no one can say. The

heaviest external creditor is France, and the French nation will again be faced with the temptation of taking revenge for its loss on the fixed capital and the national sensibilities of its debtor. It may decide to order the French army to march, but if it shrinks from this alternative it may decide to try the opposite extreme and to placate a debtor whom it cannot coerce. Whether a Germany which is too impoverished to be successfully coerced can be placated remains doubtful. No one can tell what effect bankruptcy and repudiation will have upon the state of mind of the German people and upon the balance of social forces within the German republic.

THE opinion of Secretary Hughes that trade with Russia is impossible is not borne out by the report of the Department of Commerce. In the first half of 1921, despite the lack of normal facilities for international commerce, American exports to European Russia amounted to \$12,114,062, or nearly half the amount (\$25,965,351) exported in the last pre-war year, 1913, to European Russia, *including Poland*. The figures for 1921 show a falling off as compared with 1919, when exports to European Russia, including Poland, were \$30,259,745, but of this sum \$12,066,511 represented fire arms and explosives. In the first half of 1921 American exports to European Russia were greater than in the entire year 1920 except for munitions of war, concerning which the report remarks significantly: "It should be borne in mind that much of this was furnished on credit by the United States Government." It is interesting to note that in 1919 exports of mowers and reapers to Russia and Poland amounted to \$500; in the first half of 1921 to \$191,253 to Russia alone.

OUR export of munitions which supplied the sinews of war to Poland, Kolchak, Denekin, Yudenich, and Wrangel, is one cause of the present Russian famine. The sum involved is small compared to the \$120,000,000 which the British government, with no authority from Parliament, turned over to the active enemies of the Soviets. Such as it is, however, together with the cost of armed invasion of Russia, it constitutes a debt of honor which the American people should feel bound to pay in relief funds for the famine stricken. The famine is worst in the region which was devastated by armies acting with the connivance and support of the United States, and with less excuse than was northern France by the Germans. Unless our horror at German devastation was mere political hypocrisy we shall feel our responsibility and discharge our debt.

IT has remained uncertain up to the present which member of President Harding's official family would qualify for the position held by Mr. Burleson, in the last administration, of enfant terrible. Secretary Denby's statement to the representatives of the organized navy yard workers leaves no doubt on this point. After announcing a reduction of wages from eighty-four to seventy-three cents an hour, the Secretary informed the committee that "within six months there will be millions of men ready to take these same jobs at forty cents an hour." It would be interesting to know whether the Secretary was voicing the private views of the administration on the employment situation, and its policy in regard to the deflation of labor, or whether he was merely imitating the arrogance of Baer, Gary, and other large employers. In any case his statement on the eve of the assembling of the Conference on Unemployment is, we say mildly, inopportune.

NO official in the United States brags more loudly of his devotion to the common people than does Mayor Hylan of New York, but none treats them upon occasion with more vulgar and ruthless brutality. When large numbers of the poor parade their privations in the public parks and so become annoying and disagreeable, he knows no better way of handling the emergency than to denounce them as bums and their sympathizers as dangerous agitators. He knows no better way of getting rid of their distressing company than to order his police to "treat 'em rough." And he gets away with it. He is now running for re-election. Yet he is not afraid to make the revolting exhibition of himself that he did last week; and his opponents were not in a position to take any advantage of his want of humane understanding and of sympathy with popular distress. They certainly have made little attempt to capitalize his recent mistakes. But even if they do not, every voter who has sympathy with the sufferings of the down-and-out unemployed has a good reason to vote against him.

THE moderate increase in the prices of a few commodities will make a considerable difference to millions of American producers of wheat and cotton, but there is no indication as yet that any early or substantial restoration of business activity will follow from it. The increases in price are the result not of an expanding demand but rather of a shrinking supply. Consumption is still severely restricted and the continued unemployment and the gathering volume of wage reductions are reducing it still further. During the war and after,

the wage scale was vainly trying to catch up with the increase in price level. For a year or more the reductions in wages have tended to exceed the reduction in prices to the consumer. It is consumption that needs to be financed and encouraged and the existing credit machinery does not provide for any such encouragement.

The Invisible Republic

FROM the nature of the appointments to President Harding's Unemployment Commission it is clear what its author, Secretary Hoover, has in mind and hopes to accomplish. He has excluded from the conference anybody who could be accused of extreme or radical opinions either in favor of the wage-earner or in favor of the employer. It is almost exclusively a gathering of what in Europe is called the centre—that is, of good middle-of-the-road trades unionists, social workers, economists and business men. He evidently hopes to elicit from a group of this kind two important results. He expects them to frame a program which, if adopted, will provide quick and effective relief; and he expects them to inflate the program with unimpeachable authority by unanimously endorsing it. Then the administration will feel justified in pressing Congress and employers to act on the recommendations.

We sincerely hope that Secretary Hoover will elicit from the conference an effective agreement. While it may be difficult, the difficulties should not be insurmountable. No doubt there are aspects of the recurring phenomenon of unemployment which raise all the most deeply controversial questions about the ability of the existing economy to promote human welfare, but the conference is skillfully planned to avoid the raising of them. It is composed of people who believe in the obligation of the community to provide at least a partial remedy for unemployment and who believe that employers and the state acting in cooperation can accomplish a great deal by adopting a few obvious and inexpensive changes in the mechanism of production, of credit and of public improvements. This belief has much to recommend it. The New Republic in its issue of August 31st outlined a program which they can adopt without raising any ugly controversial issues and which, when adopted, would do away with at least some part of the existing and future unemployment. These proposed reforms are not recondite, inaccessible or obscure. They are the common possessions of all people who have looked into the phenomenon of unemployment with a serious intention of devising im-

mediately available remedies. There is no reason why Mr. Harding's conference should not disentangle such a program and unanimously recommend its adoption.

But we doubt whether, even then, it would be adopted. If the period of acute unemployment be unusually prolonged, the administration may eventually force upon the politicians and business men a part of the proposed remedy, but to judge by experience the only unemployment policy which our rulers are prepared to use is one which momentarily relieves a few of its most intolerable effects rather than one which tampers with its causes. They are almost sufficiently educated to see the need of treating the unemployed as suffering human beings who need charitable assistance. They are not sufficiently educated to treat unemployment as a partly unnecessary sore on the body of the national economy for which they, rather than its victims, are largely responsible. Their indifferent or suspicious attitude towards any proposal which assumes the existence of grievous defects in the present economic organization paralyzes them when they are asked to undertake really remedial action. What prevents such action is not the lack of an available and practicable program. There is a substantial consensus of opinion among moderate and well-informed people as to the nature of tentative remedies. What is lacking is the desire and the will to try them.

Some day, perhaps, a President of the United States will understand that the real obstacle to remedial action about unemployment is the complacent attitude of our rulers towards the existing organization and behavior of industry and their cultivated callousness as to its defects. He will call a conference during a crisis of unemployment, not of the middle-of-the-road moderates who are already occasionally convinced of the need of finding a remedy but whose recommendations will carry little weight with the Real People, but of several hundred of the most powerful business men and politicians of the country. He will assemble them in a small hall in which his own voice will reverberate and address them somewhat in the following language:

"Gentlemen: I have asked you to come together in this room and to listen to a message from me, because, as I see it, the spirit of my oath of loyalty to the Constitution of the United States requires me to talk to you plainly. The Republic is in danger. It is just as much in danger as if an armed enemy were knocking at its gates. It is as much in danger as if, when an armed enemy were knocking at its gates, its citizens shut their ears to the noise and refused to rush to its defence. I sum-

mon you to the defence of the invisible Republic which existed in the minds of the Fathers when they founded the visible Republic and which still remains the moral binder of our beloved commonwealth—the Republic which exists to guarantee the liberties, release the energies and promote the welfare of all its citizens.

"This better Republic which the Fathers proposed to found is no longer conceived as a truth to which the good American citizen owes undivided allegiance. Take your own case. You serve the original social ideal of the American Commonwealth with your lips and deny it in your behavior. You are the effective leaders of a populous and wealthy nation which is actually devoting its major energies to the satisfaction of its material needs. You frequently and proudly announce that this nation, as now organized and operated, does away with social as well as political injustice, stimulates to the maximum the production of economic goods and contributes generously and automatically to the welfare of its members. The visible Republic is the living counterpart of the invisible Republic. There is nothing wrong with its behavior and its fruits for which you as leaders can justly be held responsible. The politicians among you are by their own admission eagerly, intelligently and almost infallibly serving the public welfare. The business men among you according to their own account are successfully laboring to produce and distribute commodities which are indispensable to the happiness of other people. If the people are discontented and in want, it is the fault either of wicked agitators who foment discontent among the accidentally or deservedly unfortunate, or of the inexcusable and culpable indisposition of the laborers to return a good day's work for a good day's pay. When you discuss in public the state of the nation, you wax eloquent about the desirability of avoiding interference by government with business and on the duty of hard unremitting labor by all the citizens of the country except those who don't have to work. You exhort the discontented to overlook their grievances and cooperate with you in praising the Republic and laboring for its success.

"Now I believe in our country as it has been no less than you do. I believe in it because it was intended to satisfy and for a time succeeded in satisfying better than any previous society the ordinary needs of the common man and woman. But what I now wish to call to your attention is the extent to which the glaring facts of the economic condition of the United States return the lie to your present claims as to the virtues of the visible Republic and your management of its af-

fairs. There are at this moment many millions of men and women out of employment. These people are willing to work. They cannot enjoy, as you can, a decent or secure life without working. Many of them have just returned from risking their lives in the service of the country which now denies them the means of subsistence. They are not, except in a few instances, refused work as a consequence of any fault of their own. They cannot obtain work as a consequence of any exertions of their own. They are the helpless victims of an industrial system over which they have little or no control, which asks of them the labor of a lifetime and which grudges them in return every hour of leisure, every dollar of their wages and any guarantee of economic security. Their unemployment means individual degeneration and social waste. If they have saved money, they are obliged to squander on their living a part of the available and necessary capital of the country. If they have not saved money, they can barely avoid suffering, demoralization and eventual starvation. Their work is sorely needed. Never before in the history of the world were there so many people who are unable to satisfy so many necessary and accustomed wants. Yet they are not allowed to work.

"I ask you whether the present condition of American industry does not belie the social ideals which so many of the Fathers intended to embody in the Republic. I ask you whether American industry is not suffering from an infectious disease for which your ignorance, callousness and selfishness are in part responsible, the seriousness of which you will not recognize and which you more than anyone else must start to cure. I am not, of course, charging you as individuals with responsibility. But I do charge you with responsibility as groups. The business men engaged in any one industry have never jointly studied the problems of providing their employees as a body with the opportunity for steady and remunerative work to which the American citizen who must live by labor is entitled. The politicians have never considered what the municipalities, the states and the nation can do to prevent undeserved poverty and deprivation. You ask the workers to cooperate with you in praising and maintaining the institutions of the country, but you fail to cooperate among yourselves for the obvious decent purpose of helping those institutions to live up to the claims pronounced by you on their behalf. These crises of unemployment take place very few years. Unless something is done about it, they will come back with unfailing regularity and, there are sound reasons for believing, with increased acuteness. Yet

you never look behind and remember; you never look ahead and plan. When the crisis comes and millions of your fellow countrymen are facing privation, despair and in the worst cases actual starvation, you dully and indifferently put up with it as if it were part of the order of nature, over which you as the managers of the political and business affairs of the American nation have no control.

"This callous and irresponsible attitude on your part exposes the American Commonwealth to a grievous danger. The danger does not come from any disorderly action which the victims of your ignorance and selfishness can take against your power and your possessions. Never in the history of western civilization has a state existed in which legal order possessed so many irresistible offensive and defensive weapons as it now does in the American Republic. You are, I assure you, impregnable from assault. But you are peculiarly vulnerable to decay. A Republic which was founded as the visible incarnation of moral and humane ideals cannot betray that ideal as flagrantly as you are betraying the American ideal without incurring a heavy penalty. Remember that only a few years ago you were assuring the men who are now out of work that they should give their lives and possessions to their country because of the priceless boons of personal liberty and security which their country conferred on them. Remember that only a few months ago you were exhorting the American worker to renounce increases in wages and to labor to the limit of endurance as the one perfect remedy for the high cost of living. Yet in so far as they took your advice and produced more unsaleable commodities, they are now suffering from more rather than less privation. In so far as they renounced any opportunity of advanced wages, the unemployed among them are likely to have a smaller margin with which to protect themselves and their children from grievous want. Can you blame the more intelligent of them for not retaining very much confidence in you and in your good faith toward them?

"Your irresponsible, ignorant or hypocritical betrayal of the social ideals of the American Commonwealth cheapens the humanity both of the betrayer and the betrayed. The lowering of their standard of living, their forced domestication of the ghost of personal and family insecurity, and their consequent docility in the face of inexcusable injustice, degrade the victims of unemployment. The weaker among them become unemployable. The stronger become irreconcilable. All of them tend to lose self-possession and to drift helplessly upon a sea of moral and social vicissitudes. But

even so, is not their case morally preferable to that of the employer who takes advantage of their insecurity to lower their standard of living, whose profits are partly contingent on their degradation, and yet who considers them culpable because they do not work harder and take an absorbing interest in their work? Is it not preferable to that of the politician who deliberately disparages and suppresses orderly and reputable attempts to arouse the public conscience to the serious meaning and the dangerous consequences of unemployment?

"You as the effective rulers of this country, who are partly responsible for this condition and possess the power to ameliorate it, cannot allow the betrayal to continue. As I utter these words I am well aware that unemployment has existed for generations in all industrialized countries without involving such communities in manifest decay, but you must not count on a continuation of past immunity. The world has become a different place. The great war not only wrenched the economic mechanism out of order and so increased the volume of economic injustice, but it began to arouse the intelligence and the conscience of the democratic peoples from the blind lethargy to which they succumbed during the early days of the Industrial Revolution. We are beginning to understand that by continuing to treat the economic forces which industrialism released as guides to conduct or as laws of nature we are not, as our predecessors thought, releasing the energies and aspirations of mankind. We are by way of frustrating human nature. We are by way of denying the truth of our professed religion. We do not intend to remain immersed in this error. We propose to make human life more expensive and more valuable. If you, the people actually in power, wish to remain in power and justify the responsible position you now occupy, you must understand that you are living in a world which proposes to emancipate human life from the dead hand of economic necessity and which intends to begin once again the building of the Invisible Republic of free men. The penalty of a failure to understand will be not only loss of power, but your own increasing personal insignificance. In losing contact with the ideals of the American Commonwealth, you will lose your grip also on its realities. Some crisis will find you wanting. You will be deprived of power as completely as was the French aristocracy after the French Revolution, and the epitaph which the historian will write on the tombstone of your kingdom will be one which will not keep your spirits buoyant throughout the tedium of your long sojourn in Purgatory."

The League and the Conference

THE attitude of the United States, government and people, toward the League of Nations is a diverting subject of contemplation. It will be remembered that the organization of a League was the one constructive object proposed by the United States as an aim of the war, and that the Covenant of Nations was the one important achievement to the credit of the American envoys to the Peace Conference. For reasons sufficient to itself the United States declined to ratify the engagement taken on its behalf by its representatives, in the form in which they presented it. The modifications which were desired would doubtless have been accepted by other parties to the Covenant, but Mr. Wilson stood on the literal inspiration of the original draft, and the adhesion of the United States was lost as it were by an accident. Spiritually the people of the United States accepted the Covenant, and spiritually were admitted to membership. In the refusal of Mr. Wilson to administer the sacrament it might be described as marriage in the sight of God. Not only this, but the most prominent members of the present administration have committed themselves to the present League of Nations with the Lodge reservations, and President Harding has solemnly promised to try to establish an Association of Nations which can be nothing but a revised version of the present League.

In the light of these facts we should expect to find the United States on the friendliest, most intimate terms with the League of Nations—participating cordially in plans for bringing about that new order of the world of which that organization is a symbol. Instead of this we find the people and press of the United States day by day assuming a more scornful attitude toward the feeble efforts of the League to master its problems, and showing increasing delight in its failure to do so. The psychology of the situation is comprehensible; it is natural to depreciate the opportunity which we did not accept, the investment we did not make. Indeed the total failure of such an enterprise is corroborative of our wisdom and flattering to our self-esteem. Such being the popular attitude the administration apparently feels that it would be compromised by any acquaintance with the discredited League. Especially those who formerly were on good terms with it, must maintain stony silence and impassive faces. Did Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hoover ever know the League of Nations? Fortunately the administration has a perfect formula for the

case. It is, not to recognize what it dislikes or finds inconvenient; and accordingly the League of Nations joins the Soviet government of Russia and Obregon's administration of Mexico as a thing which simply does not exist.

It is not a question whether we approve of the League. Abstractly we may consider it a dream, and concretely an hypocrisy. It is not a question whether we consider that the United States was fortunate or unfortunate in the peculiar pattern of circumstances which made it a non-participant. The League is a fact to be reckoned with for good or evil. Moreover, the League is the fulfillment of a pledge made by the United States to Europe. We may regard it as a shabby counterfeit; we may hold our allies responsible for its substitution for the true coin which we promised. None the less it is what we gave and all we gave. We can repudiate the performance—and with it the promise; or we can take up the obligation, bit by bit, and try to make it good. And it is not to our allies that we owe fulfillment—it is first of all to our late enemies, whose surrender we accepted in terms which we dishonored; it is to the small European nations who for so long accepted our lead in a doubtful and dangerous neutrality; it is to the vast undeveloped peoples of the world, whose conquest was one cause of the war and whose exploitation we declared should not be the basis of peace.

The promise to Germany we cannot fulfill directly by any cooperation with the League. The enforcement and administration of the Treaty of Versailles is committed chiefly to another body. But Austria is a member of the League and her rehabilitation will naturally take place through that body. Already the beginning of that process is awaiting action by the United States in foregoing certain pecuniary claims against the bankrupt country. The promise to the European neutrals is to be fulfilled by disarmament. The League declares itself blocked in its efforts to bring this about because of our attitude, and commits the whole matter to our leadership. The promise of recognition to suppressed nationalities, and of protection to backward peoples is recorded in the Covenant, and the futile efforts of the League to fulfill it have particularly excited our contempt. The refusal to correspond with the League on the subject of the mandates especially has the air of an elaborate diplomatic pretence. It may be and doubtless is true that our immediate nationalistic objects can be attained by a direct appeal to the Allied victors for our share in the loot, but if we have any interest in the larger purposes to which we committed ourselves, we have a convenient means of approaching them through the League of

Nations. It is true that the great powers have shown in this matter most clearly their domination of the League through the Council, a fact which is its chief weakness. All the more reason why the United States should act to strengthen the position of the Assembly. Whether the United States did well or ill to remain out of the League, whether it should or should not join the League at the present or at some future time, whether the League itself is expected in the long run to survive and justify itself or fall to pieces, it remains an obligation upon us to use our position outside the League to forward the original purposes for which it was formed. That is the simple strategy of our situation. Cooperation instead of excommunication is the only sensible policy.

The assembling of the Washington Conference gives the subject a special pertinence. The attitude on which we have commented toward the League finds an amusing reflection in the position which certain convinced supporters of that enterprise take toward the Conference. As the one party finds justification in the past failure of the League, the other is already seeking consolation in the prophesied futility of the Conference. As a matter of fact the Conference gives an opportunity to put into practice some sensible course of action toward the League, and this is one reason for supporting it. The Conference includes four nations which are already members of the League. It is to deal, within a limited scope, with matters which are the most important subjects of the League's activities. What the Conference may achieve in the direction of disarmament, protection of the national status of China, and the accommodation of clashing ambitions in the Pacific will be contributions to the settlement of the world with which the League is charged. To give such results full currency in the world the League is the most convenient and serviceable piece of machinery which exists. Above all, the Conference is called in direct fulfillment of pledges made by President Harding of loyalty to the conception on which the League rests.

He said in his inaugural address: "We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference, for counsel, to seek the expressed views of world opinion, to recommend a way to approximate disarmament and relieve the crushing burdens of military and naval establishments."

This should determine the attitude of both friends and opponents of the present League toward the Conference, and should contribute a standing reason why popular interest in the Conference should prepare the way for an attitude of reasonable cooperation with the League.

The Conflict of Policy on the Railroads

WHETHER the railroad workers carry out their threat to strike or not, it is important for the public to realize that the railway labor situation is fraught with danger. While the manifestations of dissatisfaction with the rulings of the Railroad Labor Board have come to the surface only within the past two months, the elements of future trouble have been inherent in the situation since the enactment of the Transportation act of 1920. As long as the issues between the railway operators and their employees were still in the stage of negotiation where the outcome was as yet a pure gamble, irreconcilable differences seemed remote. But no sooner had direct negotiation, as a means of establishing working rules, begun to break down, than the burden was passed to the Railroad Labor Board and that Board found its task growing constantly more difficult. This was indeed the state of affairs even when the Board made its earlier decisions which, at the time, seemed to command something like general support.

The decision last July, reducing the wages of railroad employees about twelve percent, was under the circumstances probably inevitable. The temper of the country seemed such as to require labor liquidation. The railroads were in bad financial straits. Only an adjustment in terms of something quite distinct from the private operation of railroads could have avoided a wage reduction. But such an adjustment the Board was either not qualified or was unwilling to make. And yet the employees have, officially at least, decided not to accept the wage cut. Nevertheless, the same general set of underlying principles that guided the Board in its wage decision became the basis for the proceedings to amend the national agreements of the former Railroad Administration.

Here the Board at the outset struck a snag in its attempt to define the parties to the negotiation of new rules. The Pennsylvania Railroad, under conditions recently described in these columns, developed its own private system of negotiation. The rights of the organized workers have since been in a state of litigation, in spite of the rulings originally made by the Board. The Pennsylvania has been alternately defiant and conciliatory; and the matter still remains unsettled. Meanwhile a large number of railroads which have negotiated with organized labor and their employees have reported to the Board their inability to agree on the revised work-

ing rules. Such rules have subsequently been considered by the Board. On August 11, 1921, it issued with reference to a portion of them a ruling which drew a minority opinion from Mr. A. O. Wharton, one of the labor representatives. Decision on the rest of the rules is still pending. At the present time, then, the wage cut has not yet been accepted by the employees; the overtime decision of the Board has been received with considerable resentment by the employees and will probably be rejected by them; other basic working rules are not yet adjusted at all; and on one important system at least, the Pennsylvania, the very status of organized labor is in a condition of uncertainty. Obviously this background of unadjusted issues does not present a cheerful picture. What are the factors responsible for this virtual deadlock?

To the railroad operators and owners the most impressive single fact in the present condition of American railroads is their financial plight. The roads are now returned to private control. The goal of private ownership is profits and financial stability. Both profits and stability can come only with high earnings and relatively low costs. High earnings the railroads have certainly not had in the depression years of 1920 and 1921. Nor is the outlook bright for the visible future. So the managers naturally turn their attention to costs, in which labor cost is a substantial item, and they seek to reduce wages. Railroad labor, however, naturally regards the problem from another angle. Being a railroad engineer is much the same type of job in years of depression as in years of prosperity. The gains railroad workmen made in standards during the past five years they wish to retain. The prospect of a progressive reduction in wages to insure returns to the owners of the railroads is a solution of the present railroad problem which the workmen would greet only with sullen opposition. To them the remedy lies in a national railroad policy. Such a policy would carry with it a unification of railroad service; the elimination of unnecessary and avoidable wastes; and the guarantee of reasonable and fair standards of wages and working conditions. They refuse, in other words, to sacrifice themselves for the preservation of a system of private operation, in whose survival they have no faith and no interest. This contingency, however, the administration did not consider when it passed the Transportation act of 1920. It was there decreed that the roads be restored to private control. From this decree the Railroad Labor Board receives its powers and its instructions.

Acting under such a mandate the Board is forced by the exigencies of the situation to make awards,

and is at the same time unable to base its awards upon factors which labor thinks ought to be considered. Over the whole range of managerial, operating and financial policies it has no control. So it must take all of these for granted and at their face value, without question or criticism or even suggestion. It is left, then, only with jurisdiction over wages and working rules. And these it must adjust with reference to private ownership and the resulting clamor for reduced operating expenses. Under these circumstances it is clear that a large part of every decision which the Board has made in the past year and will probably make in the future must represent a paring away of gains which the workers have won in the past. For, under the present system of management, lower labor cost is conceived as coming only through reduced wages and modifications in the severity of working rules.

Regarded with the eyes of labor, therefore, the activities of the Board consist in so redistributing the balance of power on the railroads as to leave the workers relatively weaker than they were before. Even in private industry and under the most favorable of conditions, it would not be easy for a third party to accomplish a similar shift in industrial power. On the railroads the problem is infinitely more complex, because of the public character of the enterprise and because of the taste of public operation which the railroad workers have already had. They conceive the railroad problem as one of industrial organization; the Transportation act, the administration, and the Railroad Labor Board conceive it as a problem of labor. The two attitudes are fundamentally irreconcilable. And it is only a question of time before an open clash between them will become unavoidable.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT ROBERT MORSE LOVETT
PHILIP LITTELL

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Urbain Ledoux—Prophet

MEN asleep. Beneath the great portico of the New York Public Library they lay on the stones, some with heads on their arms, some twisted to keep their hands in their pockets, here and there one with his white face turned straight up. Here were two sleeping close together for warmth; and there, four were huddled down like puppies. Most of them had newspapers; if only one it was spread on the stones; two or three made a cover. Only one man had a blanket, and it was of burlap. None had an overcoat; some were in their shirts. Each of the great marble basins held six or eight dark forms. In the area two had constructed little cabins of waste boxes and lay in privacy and shelter. Ledoux stepped among them carefully, reverently—and about those pale faces, those tortured forms, no one could help feeling something beautiful, and infinitely touching. The rules of the Municipal Lodging House, by which a resident of New York may sleep there only five nights a month, had been relaxed, and six hundred men had been sent there earlier in the night. Nevertheless we counted one hundred and seventy-six.

At the approaches to the Williamsburg bridge, seventy others were sleeping. An old man lay full in the open, his gray hair mingling with the grass. A boy lay in the shadow of the parapet; he had a brown face with the clear brow and round cheeks of youth. We roused him for his breakfast ticket. "Nineteen," he said. "Three years in New York, after an orphanage in Buffalo. Anything—he'd worked in a restaurant and a hospital but he'd do anything."

On to the International Seamen's Union. Here were warmth and shelter, but no beds except the floor and newspapers. Nevertheless everybody was cheerfully stirring. Ledoux gave out meal tickets and urged all the men to come to Central Park on Sunday night to sing, an invitation he gave everywhere. "We must let a little beauty into our lives," he kept repeating. "What you going to call your story?" someone asked me and answered his own question: "Call it 'The sailors are starving while the ships are rotting.'"

Back to Bryant Square where we met the sleepers of the early morning. They caught sight of Ledoux as he entered the gate and began to gather about him, but he waved them back. "Two by two," he called, and they swung into line behind him. Two by two we marched down Sixth Avenue, to Blake's Restaurant on Thirty-fourth Street. Two hundred men lined up, heels on the curb.

"Men over forty," called Ledoux, and the older men stepped into the tiny restaurant. The others waited. Every man was given a newspaper—his hope of a job by day and his cover by night. Blake gives a big plate of two kinds of beans, hamburger steak, bread and coffee, all you can eat of everything (for fifteen cents) and it looked as if it might be a long time for the boys to wait. To pass the time we asked how many were service men. Almost a third held up their hands. They did not wear service buttons. It is the universal impression that ex-soldiers stand less chance of a job in New York than civilians. "Wrong!" you say. Yes, but they tell you things that have given them that impression. It is regrettable. Perhaps some patriotic citizen will ask a hundred of them to breakfast at Blake's.

By nine o'clock Ledoux had fed eight hundred and twenty-five men with less fuss than a well-to-do family of seven would make. These are the men who on the Monday before had been clubbed and ridden down when Ledoux tried to feed them; who on that night were hunted through the crowds by the police when, in the new hope which Ledoux had aroused, they tried to make a pitiful demonstration of their case; whose march to Central Park was described by Mayor Hylan as a "near-riot." Now Mr. Ledoux is saluted by the police all along his route as he goes smiling and serene, the shepherd of the shorn lambs of labor.

Urbain Ledoux is a prophet—a massive figure with shoulders fit to bear burdens, hands that have known toil, a great head, an open, uplifted face and quiet, earnest eyes. Born in Canada, ambitious for priesthood, he turned aside to law and the consular service. But he has always been a prophet. He prophesied beautiful things in his dream of the International City. "Glorious but fantastic," they said. Now he is prophesying terrible things, and trying to avert them by an appeal to mankind to save itself by love. "The hearts of the prosperous must be uplifted. They must be uplifted to the higher consciousness which shall prompt them to share the bounties of God in common." "Let the 52,000 millionaires made in the war give up fifty percent of what they have for public and social works." We recognize the well known Messiah complex, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," and we smile at the picture of the 52,000 "hard faced men who have done well for themselves in the war," giving up a part of their gain to save some of the boys who fought for them from becoming undesirable characters,

and being clubbed as such. But Mr. Ledoux has a singular faith in them, and in us all.

And this faith was justified in Boston. There a fortnight ago Mr. Ledoux opened his employment auction. It was an inspiration of the moment. He had been going about comforting and giving help, opening a temporary home, providing food. He was addressing a group of seventy-five jobless at a band stand on Boston Common when the idea of an auction occurred to him. He called for volunteers and nine men stepped forward, two of them Negroes. Raising their right hands they pledged themselves "to give the best of my brain and brawn" to whomever bought them for a week and gave them food and lodging. One was actually sold on these terms, and two or three other men were technically sold, the purchasers commuting their obligations by a cash payment. Not much effect on the overstocked labor market you say; but in three days there were five thousand people about the auction block, work was found for some hundreds of men, the newspapers all over the country were putting the situation before the public with Mr. Ledoux's message of charity and goodwill. The last event brought Mr. Ledoux's campaign in Boston to its climax. On Sunday afternoon he led his "shorn lambs of labor" to the bandstand on the Common. There were 20,000 people gathered there to see human flesh sold on the auction block, but instead, Harry Barnhart, stepped forward and led the people in singing. The original auction was unpremeditated, but this event was staged. There was a band, a choir of hundreds of children, a soloist who had been sold on the block the day before. They sang America. They sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic, My Old Kentucky Home, Nearer My God to Thee, and America the Beautiful. A week later Mr. Ledoux was in New York, escorted through the streets by the bomb squad of the New York Police, his audience of jobless men denied him even in the hall which he had hired, because he was a dangerous radical.

Then something surprising happened. Although Mayor Hylan refused contemptuously to receive a committee of citizens who wished to testify to what they had seen of the brutality of his Cossacks, and issued a proclamation blaming the newspapers for not "commending the police for their determined and courageous work," nevertheless protected by public opinion which turned out to be too strong to be defied, Mr. Ledoux has been allowed to go about the city, distributing food and meal tickets, with police lending their help, and the press giving its million tongues to his message:

Let us deal with the human aspect of the unemployment situation confronting the United States today.

The problem is, first, one of human engineering, and second—the most important—of restoring the faith, the hope and the ideals lost through discouragement, hunger and exposure.

A park bench is the nearest thing to annihilation I know.

There must be a greater release of love to the downhearted.

President Harding has called a conference of the industrial leaders of the country to ameliorate prevailing conditions. The personnel of the conference is an ambitious one, and the spirit which has prompted the President in summoning this gathering surely can be productive only of good.

But this conference, I insist, should be animated by a new attitude of mind in harmony with the changed consciousness of the world.

I repeat, there must be a greater release of beauty into the lives of the long-denied. Let us share!

It may be that Mr. Ledoux's plans for dealing with unemployment are fantastic. They call for the assumption of the burden by the public and the state. They make an immense draft, an overdraft, on the bank of human kindness. They call for a capital levy, such as nations make only for purposes of national defence. "Yes," says Mr. Ledoux, "but the nation is in danger, and society is poisoning itself with its waste of human life."

Mr. Ledoux considers that his work in New York is finished. Is it? He has achieved greater publicity for the unemployment situation than if he had held an auction. Mayor Hylan, the police, the newspapers have given it to him. He has conquered them. But has he conquered the public? Shall men sleep on the benches of the parks or in the portico of the library this autumn, or will churches and public buildings be opened to them? Shall the police rule by terror of the club, or will the new spirit of kindness and helpfulness prevail? Shall we continue to grind the faces of the poor, or shall we share with them the vast excess of our luxury? The most disheartening spectacle of the week was the flight of automobiles hanging on the flanks of the procession of the unemployed to Central Park, from the occupants of which a paltry five dollars was collected to feed the marchers. The most cynical comment was that of a prominent newspaper which saw in this pathetic offering the failure of Mr. Ledoux's campaign. The show wasn't worth while; he had not put it over; he had failed to dramatize hunger and misery to the prosperous. So the starving crowds before the French Revolution failed to dramatize their sufferings to Foulon, Intendant of Paris when they cried to him for bread. "Let them eat grass, he said. "Let them eat grass."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Bachelor of Arts: What Is It?

THE writer of this article was for ten years the registrar of one of the larger state universities. For a decade, therefore, he was exclusively concerned with those elusive entities known as grades, credits, and degrees. During that time there were recorded under his supervision nearly a million grades, each one carrying a notation as to credits. He had charge also of the meticulous engrossing of something like ten thousand degrees. By virtue of his position he became learned in all the mysteries of the academic arithmetic by which these odd conceptions are computed. And at the end of ten years he is convinced that the whole business is a device of the devil—that instead of performing, as he at first supposed, a service that was necessary and useful if not distinguished, he was all the time the agent of a pernicious formalism that goes far to sap the vitality and reality of higher education throughout the colleges and universities of America.

Let us consider what these things are—grades, credits, and degrees.

The marking system ordinarily takes the form either of percentages, with the "passing grade" at 70 or 75, or of a series of letters, the first four or five or six of the alphabet, with "passing" at C or D. The superficial convenience of this is obvious. A simple grade is much easier for both the instructor and the registrar to record than any other form of judgment on the student's achievement could possibly be. But the convenience is attained at the expense of reality. A grade of 83, for example, looks remarkably precise and tangible. But any teacher knows that he cannot grade a paper a second time, not knowing he has graded it before, and—save by a stroke of luck—hit the same percentage. He will come nearer to arriving at the same mark under the literal system, with its fewer subdivisions. But even under that system two different instructors in the same course are likely to assign different marks to the same paper. This actually happens as often as not when in cases of dispute or appeal a paper is read by more than one teacher, though in such cases the two members of the faculty are usually anxious to concur. And the "standards," as they are called, vary still more from department to department. Yet all these marks, because they have the specious appearance of precision and tangibility, are added and averaged together, and decisions of academic life and death, honor and dishonor, are based on the results.

Credits are an even more remarkable institution. A credit is usually "the work of a class, meeting once a week for a semester with the necessary

preparation, or the equivalent in laboratory, shop, or drawing-room." Thus a course in which the students recite three times a week is a three-credit course, and one in which the class meets five times, a five-credit course. Admirably simple, is it not? But it is only when we come to concrete cases that the full beauty—and ruthlessness—of this plan becomes apparent. Six "credits" in the Dialogues of Plato or in Milton plus four "credits" in Surveying or in Stock-Judging equal—ten "credits!" And 120 credits=1 Bachelor of Arts! But surely no one will seriously maintain that three hours devoted to a classroom reading of Keats and the same number or any "equivalent" number of hours spent in a recitation in calculus or on a botany field trip or in playing the piano have any real relation to each other, mathematical or otherwise. This does not imply the superiority of any one of these exercises over the others. It is simply to assert that they are all quantitatively immeasurable and incomparable.

The evil of grades is an ancient evil, but the whole machinery of credits is new. It came into being along in the nineties as a by-product of the elective system. So long as the curriculum in liberal arts was prescribed throughout—as the curricula in civil engineering and chemistry and medicine and law still are—there was no need of this device. The student completed the course of study as it was laid down, and when he had done so he was given a certificate to that effect. This was perfectly straightforward and sound. But with the advent of the elective system it was deemed necessary to find some method of calculating when the student was eligible for a degree, conceived of as the inevitable goal, and some misguided genius devised credits.

The dilemma is a real one. Suppose we put aside credits as a meaningless absurdity, and ask what, without the support of this fiction, the B. A. degree now means.

You are an employer, and a young man comes to you with this degree as an evidence of qualification. What does it tell you? Well, he has spent four years at a college or university and during that period has devoted a reasonable minimum of hours per week to some of the subjects of the curriculum. That is about all. Could any form of certificate possibly tell less? When it tells so little, is it worth while to have it at all?

It is to be noted that these animadversions apply but little as yet to the various science degrees (in engineering, chemistry, agriculture, and the like) or to the degrees in law and medicine. In those fields the courses are still largely prescribed. The degree of Bachelor of Science in mechanical

engineering, for example, represents a very definite body of knowledge acquired. However, the demand for electives in these curricula is growing, and the proportion of electives, now negligible, is gradually being increased. As this process goes on the professional degrees will approximate the meaninglessness which the degree in arts has already attained. That seems to be the goal of the present development.

But what is the answer? Granted that credits are an unreal and unsatisfactory method of computation, how shall we figure degrees? Surely we must have some kind of records. Indeed we must. Far be it from a registrar, even an heretical registrar, to depreciate the importance of records.

Does not the difficulty arise from the assumed necessity of maintaining the mediaeval institution of the degree—the *Artium Baccalaureus*? The meaning of the contemporary B. A., so far as it has any meaning, is, of course, totally different from the original significance of those words. By what compulsion must we cling still to that ancient Latin formula? Suppose we abandon the idea of the B. A.—of all degrees whatever. Would not the situation clear at once? Would anyone think of continuing to use these silly credits? Should we not be ready to install a system of records, and certificates based on them, that would really mean something?

But what kind of records do I propose? My answer is: Real records. These might comprise, for each course the student took, a printed synopsis of that course and, attached, a report from the instructor of the student's accomplishment therein—what parts he had mastered and what parts neglected or failed to grasp; what aptitudes, proficiencies, and enthusiasms he had displayed; what ineptitude, dullness, indifference. The registrar's office would come to contain for each student a file of such synopses and reports. Such a record might be of most definite value to the student himself, to his parents, to prospective employers—even to college officers.

The advantages of the abandonment of degrees may be illustrated through a consideration of one or two of the corollaries that would follow.

In the first place, we should have no further need of grades. We should not even have to say whether a student has "passed" or "failed." That arbitrary doom exists solely for the purposes of degrees. For all other purposes the real colored story of the student's accomplishment would be better. Give up degrees, and we should at the same time relegate the imaginary line between 69 and 70, or between D and C, to the limbo of absurd superstitions.

Another corollary is even more revolutionary. In the absence of degrees the sacrosanct number four, as applied to the years of a college course, would, I am persuaded, soon lose its mystic virtue. Is it not an odd dispensation of academic Providence that for whatever purpose under heaven a student comes to college it takes him exactly four years to achieve it—as evidenced by a degree? Whether he wishes to become a poet or an accountant, a poultry farmer or a chemist, a teacher of dead languages or a filler of dead teeth, the time prescribed is four years—neither more nor less.

The standardized quadrennium is silliest, perhaps, in liberal arts and sciences. A satisfactory mastery of the subjects included under that heading would require, let us say, two hundred years. On the other hand, many purposes for which students may and do enter the "general course" may be amply fulfilled in two years or three. There is no dividing line anywhere. Yet the effort of the colleges, through the powerful compulsion of degrees, is to hold all the students for four years and force all of them out at the end of that period. Would it not be a happy result of an abandonment of degrees that young men and women could come to universities and study there as long as they and their parents felt that what they were getting was worth the expenditure of young life, and then depart in peace and without the odium that now attaches to the ex-student not an alumnus? Each student could take away with him, at the end of one year or five years, in lieu of a meaningless degree, duplicate copies of such real records as I have described, giving an intelligible account of the subjects he had studied and the amount and character of his progress therein.

But an escape from grades and the overthrow of the four-year fallacy are, after all, only minor illustrations of the far-reaching general advantage to be expected from discarding credits and degrees. The great pervasive evil resulting from those fictions is the introduction of an aspect of unreality and formalism into nearly the whole work of nearly all the students. Credits and a degree, rather than the pursuit of knowledge, are made to seem the goal of the student's endeavor. If your son in his sophomore year registered for a course in Shakespeare, the chances are he did so, not from a desire to become acquainted with the poetry and living characters of the greatest bard and dramatist, but for the sake of three credits towards a "group requirement." And it was not his fault; it was my fault as registrar and the dean's: we told him he must have three more credits in that "group." That was the reason we gave him for taking Shakespeare! Of course the faculty grum-

ble continually because the students so generally work only for grades and take courses "for credit." But what else can they expect? They themselves teach the poor youngsters to do so.

Young people are remarkably single-minded. When a lad has registered in a course for the sake of the credit it will bring, he does not forget his object. He is usually inclined to consider any incidental knowledge that the instructor may try to thrust upon him, to say nothing of any enthusiasm he may seek to evoke, as beside the point and to be ignored as far as possible. And studying for grades is a very special art, quite distinct from studying for subject matter. Grades come, not from the subject matter, but from the professor. If, therefore, what you are after is a 90 or an A, keep your eye, not on the course, but on the professor. Study *him*—his favorite topics and pet jokes, his foibles and blind sides, the kinds of behavior and recitations and papers that he likes. The subject matter—whether it be economics or applied mechanics or soil physics—is only an incidental medium.

But, some will maintain, it is necessary to have these petty, immediate, possibly unreal goals for the students to work for. These youngsters aren't interested in Shakespeare. They wouldn't take him at all, most of them, except for the "credit."

Well, in the first place, if that were true, our whole system of higher education would be a gigantic fraud—as indeed it partially is at the present time. There is little reason why wealthy men should contribute millions and the various states tax themselves to the tune of tens of millions to perpetuate any such pathetic, ineffectual subterfuge as this argument confesses our higher education to be. But, in the second place, it isn't true. Post-adolescence is well known to be normally the period of passionate enthusiasm for the things of the mind and spirit. It is the young who keep knowledge and thought alive—if they have a chance. It is the stupendous crime of our academic accounting that it teaches young men and women to subordinate all their curiosities and enthusiasms to the petty technicalities of the registrar's office, to become—in place of seekers after knowledge—languid, cynical time-servers for credit and skilful toadies for grades.

Of course the poison doesn't work in all cases. There is in our colleges a saving remnant of youth who refuse to be corrupted, stiff-necked young rebels, scornful of the values their elders set before them and able to maintain the integrity of their spirits against the system. These indocile ones are likely to take high rank in one or two chosen subjects, but they neglect other courses which they are

forced to "elect" and so "get in bad" (in their own phrase) with the general administration. They frequently leave without a degree.

But these are only a few. Young people in general are not refractory, but terribly docile. They accept the system as they find it, and go cheerfully and faithfully ahead, working out its implications, and eventually receive with due *éclat*—a sheepskin. And, in the meantime, they find an outlet for their unsatisfied energies and initiatives in intercollegiate athletics, new varieties of dancing, and student "activities" in general—so called in contrast to the passivities of the classroom.

It is my contention that this need not be so—that if we would tear out the whole mechanism of grades, credits, and degrees, so as to make it perfectly clear that the only reason for studying any subject is the subject itself, a vast number of our youngsters would, with a certain surprise at first, but eventually with satisfaction and delight, begin to give real attention to the content of their courses. And if there are those for whom this content, when fairly presented on its merits, has no attractions, who really at the age of eighteen or twenty require the puerilities of grades and credits and the empty goal of a degree to hold them—surely they should enter at once upon some career of useful labor and not continue, as they are now led to do, to waste their own time and the money of pious donors or of the state in merely formal contact with intellectual things.

MAX MCCONN.

Song

It is my thoughts that colour
My soul which slips between;
Thought lunar or solar
And gold and sea-green.

Tint the pure translucence
Of the crystal thread,
A rainbow nuisance
It runs through my head.

When I am dead, or sleeping
Without any pain,
My soul will stop creeping
Through my jewelled brain.

With no brightness to dye it
None will see where
It flows clear and quiet
As a river of air;

Watering dark places
Without sparkle or sound;
Kissing dumb faces
And the dusty ground.

ELINOR WYLIE.

The Heart Bowed Down

I DON'T quite know why William Edgar Borah is not a larger figure in the world than he is today. He has been in the Senate since 1907, a participant in the national scene with an assured place on the best platform that the country offers to any man who desires to become known and to be heard. In the Senate he has been on the successful and popular side of public issues and controversies more often than on the losing side. Yet I suspect that he is less known than any well known man in the whole gallery of Washington figures.

The person who best knows Borah has been heard to say: "William would enjoy life so much better if it wasn't for all the pleasant things in the world." The secret of Borah's failure to be a popular hero despite all his admirable qualities may lie in this cryptic remark. It was made just after Borah by the introduction of a resolution in the Senate had reduced the Harding inauguration ceremonies from the elaborate festivities that had been planned—parade, inaugural ball, dancing in the streets, and all that sort of thing—to the simple and bald affair that it became on the East porch of the Capitol. Whatever the reason, there is a general sort of feeling current among the few that Borah has never received quite the full measure of popular applause and recognition that he has deserved. This feeling is, in part, based upon the circumstance that so many other men who have done less seem somehow to cast larger shadows.

Mr. Borah is not, as we put it in our vivid, nervous, native tongue, a crab. Nor is he a gloom, though he can at times approach perilously near the border line of that category. But certainly his is the heart bowed down. He is more inclined to view with alarm than to point with pride.

Life to him is real, life is earnest, and there is much to be done before the grim reaper cometh. He is a serious man full of serious thoughts and if he has a light and festive or frolicsome side it has never been publicly disclosed. He is keenly sensitive, I believe, and easily hurt. My own notion is that this quick susceptibility to adverse criticism has kept him from thrusting himself forward and maintaining against attack the position to which his qualities and capacities entitle him. He has not got a thick hide; he feels the slings and darts of outrageous fortune. Other men less alive to possible hurt and wounds press ahead of him.

Mr. Borah marches along in the front ranks of

his party but he never throws himself out far in advance of the main body of his associates. A conspicuous instance of this trait of his character was exhibited in 1912. In that year, as all men know, Roosevelt split the Republican party and defeated Taft. Until the time of the actual break Mr. Borah was allied in sympathy and, indeed, in fact with the Roosevelt faction. He marched up to the field of Armageddon with them, but when they decided to go over Niagara Falls in the barrel that George Perkins had provided, Mr. Borah bade them a civil goodbye and bon voyage and returned to the Republican party which he had really never left. He was a progressive but not a Progressive.

I don't mean in the least to imply that he was a quitter, or that he played the part of a faint-heart or traitor in that diverting episode. The whole manoeuvre was sharply and clearly divided into two parts. It began as a division in the Republican party and retained that aspect until Taft was nominated. That was the first phase. Then came the matter of deciding whether or not to emulate the old monk of Siberia whose life grew drearier and drearier, and follow T. R. over the brink. Of those who went over all of them went through the whirlpool and the rapids, some of them swam ashore and made their way painfully back to their party, the others have never been heard from since.

Mr. Borah met those who came back and helped dress their wounds. He had been one with them in spirit until they made their free will offering by jumping. As the events proved, they had made a futile gesture and Mr. Borah had shown wisdom and saved himself a circuitous journey out of his party and in again.

I recall the whole adventure because it is more illustrative and illuminative than any other incident that I know anything about in Mr. Borah's public career. Passion and party feeling were excited and inflamed at the time. The men who had been with Roosevelt and had to make a choice were under a stress and strain. Each acted as the general excitement affected him. They had a free choice. Now you can either say of Borah that he was faint-hearted and lacked boldness and daring or that he kept his head. For myself I choose the second alternative.

I know that he has courage, for he has proved it on other occasions, and for that matter he proved it again when he did not become a Progressive. All the pressure on him was from that side.

It was his course at that time that has left confusion in many minds about his status as between the Right and the Left. Today in Washington you

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will hear him called both a conservative and a progressive. He seems to reside indeterminately in the political spectrum between the red and the violet rays. Sometimes he moves over to the left as far as the orange and again to the right as far as the indigo, but never reaches either of the two extremes.

I think it is this unconscious preference for the pastel shades instead of the raw primary colors that has, also in degree, affected wider public recognition of Mr. Borah's capacities. Where there are so many things to engage public attention and so much organized clamor, only the brightest or noisiest catch the eye and ear.

Mr. Borah has so conducted his share in public affairs that he has never attached his name or fame to any of the admirable proposals that he has borne such a large part in making into law. I cite by way of proof, the act for the direct election of Senators. That was a long, hard fight. Borah pressed it with resolution, with courage, with ingenuity and skill against a subtle and strong and entrenched opposition until success came. That was an excellent public service well performed, yet I venture that few now know or remember the part Borah played.

As another instance, the income tax law will serve. That is one of the fairest of all taxes in principle. It is levied directly and if the schedules or brackets are properly designed it falls equitably on all who pay it. Mr. Borah bore a part in urging the legislation through the Senate. In the debate which he carried through with skill and learning he had opposed to him some of the best minds in the Senate. That, too, I suspect is a popularly unknown part of his record.

A present modern instance is an even more striking example of how he wins races and others get the prizes. Mr. Borah introduced a resolution as an amendment to the naval bill suggesting or inviting the President to call a conference of representatives of the United States, Great Britain and Japan to consider the limitation and reduction of naval armaments. It hung fire for a long time. In several preliminary stages it was defeated. The opposition in the Senate was strong. Soon after President Harding came to the White House definite word was spread abroad and brought to the Senate that he did not wish Mr. Borah's proposal to pass Congress. He did not wish to have his hand forced. He was, in Frank Tinney's phrase, a architect and he had other plans.

Borah hung on; he pressed; he had a sound proposal. Public sentiment grew stronger and stronger in favor of it until one fine morning the entire opposition crumpled, dissipated, disappeared without a sight or sound. Invitations were issued

not only to Great Britain and Japan but to France, Italy and China to meet in conference at Washington to consider limitation of armaments and other cognate matters.

Senator Johnson said of it all on the floor of the Senate: "It was the greatest personal triumph that has been won by a Senator in my time in this chamber." And so it was; and for that matter, in the time of others who have been much longer in Washington than the bold Californian.

But Borah, oh! where was he? Lost in the mists. *Spurlos versenkt*. Posted missing at Lloyd's. Gone down with all hands. Effaced. As the poet so tersely said of Lord Ullin and his daughter, "The waters wild went o'er his child, and he was left lamenting." They didn't even leave him a lock of hair as a keepsake. Overnight it became the Harding plan, the Harding conference, the Harding disarmament policy, and as I indite this requiem at River House on the austere coast of Maine, it even appears that he will not sit with other Senators who will represent the United States at the meeting which Borah and Borah alone in the Senate brought into existence. They took the cake and credit, too. It isn't fair. In a little while many will forget, and others will never know that Borah ever had any part or connection with the plan. It is another one of the large number of things that something ought to be done about.

But Mr. Borah has not been without his share of luck. He had two narrow squeaks and escaped unscathed. The first one was when he was "mentioned" for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Taft. There was considerable talk about this at one time, but nothing came of it. That, as it proved, was a piece of good luck. The second threat came later when it appeared for a time that Mr. Borah would be Colonel Harvey's personally selected candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1916. He seemed to be about to take Mr. Borah up. He circled above his prospective quarry in wide swoops emitting strange cries, and indicated the Idaho Senator by name. It didn't last long, however, but it was a puzzling performance while it did last.

All of these things, you will observe, while they have affected Mr. Borah's fame, have not checked or impaired or halted his career. While he has been attached to conspicuous proposals, and conspicuous movements, they have not made him as conspicuous as lesser men have become with less cause. Such of the fruits of victory as are included under the category of fame, notoriety, publicity, a widespread recognition of work well done have not been his. While he has missed great public fame he has achieved a reputation. He has never been "placed," but that is because he has never placed himself.

In Washington where he has come to be a distinct figure and where he is under closer observation than he receives from the country at large, he is described by a number of adjectives. Solid is one of them, conservative another, independent a third, to many others he is primarily a progressive, and everyone agrees that he is quiet, patient, able, and of a serene temper. He is in the first flight among the Senators and always will be, whatever the quality of the membership in that chamber. He has not in him the making of a great popular leader, because he lacks a certain daring, a certain imaginative quality that inhibits him in time of crisis from taking his political life in his hands and jumping off into the void with his eyes open. He is not the man to head a forlorn hope, but neither is he a man to be trifled with. He makes no bones about opposing President Harding whenever he sees fit, and that is something that few care to do in these early days of the administration.

In sum: An effective, useful, intelligent public servant. The people who are disappointed in him are those who expect more of him than he has in him, and I confess he gives out constantly to many the impression of having in him the motive power for longer and higher flight than he has yet essayed. Though he is fifty-six years old, and has been in the Senate fourteen years, he still creates an attitude of expectation among those who have been his close observers. They still seem to think of him as a man whose future is before; as a public man whose big things, whose peak achievements, are yet to be accomplished. Be that as it may, as the policeman said in O. Henry's story, but it is this feeling of expectation he succeeds in creating that makes him the interesting and uncertain figure that he is.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

Pilgrims All

JOVO JOVANOVIĆ sat reading in the back of his little shop. The tiny shelves beside him were laden with his most precious wares—works of piety and patriotism for the Serbian community which he served. But immigrant booksellers in industrial towns cannot live by purveying literature to Balkan farmer folk; the larger spaces accordingly were given over to school supplies, toys, tobacco and tinned and package provisions of various sorts. On the wall a faded map showed the "Ethnographical Frontiers of Greater Serbia." It had hung there through good tidings and bad from the years before the war. In those dark and bloody days it had helped the broad-faced steel-makers as they wrestled with news dispatches, pausing now and then to utter what was half imprecation and half prayer for relatives left behind

in ravaged villages and for brother workers fighting doggedly in the fastnesses of the mountains.

On this sultry night the distant boom and clang and glare of the mills came dull through the open window. From the adjoining tenement could be heard the raucous breathing of men of the day-shift who after twelve hours before the furnaces could well have slept on the threshold of hell. So it seemed to Jovo as he stood for a moment wiping the sweat from his face, resting his eyes and listening to their tremendous slumbers.

Presently he turned back to his book; it was a bulky narrative drawn from the Public Library and bore the title, *The Bradford History*. In spite of the seventeenth century English, which, like the sporting page of the American newspaper, Jovo found perplexing in places, the story held him like tales of ancient wars against the Turk. This surprised him at first, but as he continued to read he made two discoveries. One was that the Pilgrim Fathers, unlike the Americans whom he saw about him on the outskirts of the Slavic quarter, were tremendously in earnest regarding points of religious belief and practice. Somehow their surroundings, like those of eastern Europe today, had preserved a tradition of indomitable attachment to spiritual values as they understood them. The other discovery brought the American Fathers even closer home; for twelve years they too had been humble "foreign-born" laborers in metropolitan Amsterdam and at Leyden on the Rhine. Over and over he had said to himself: "We know how that is," or "That's how my people feel about it here," and more than once his throat grew lumpy at some poignant separation.

Tonight in spite of the heat—for he must return his book on the morrow—he was rereading passages noted in quaint old world script on a sheet of paper before him.

"Anno 1608. Being thus constrained to leave their native soyle and countrie, their lands & livings, and all their friends & familier acquaintance, it was much, and thought marvelous by many. But to go into a countrie they knew not (but by hearsay), wher they must learne a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place. . . .

"But these were not ye things they much looked on, or long tooke up their thoughts; for they had other work in hand, & another kind of warr to wage & maintaine. For though they saw faire & bewtifull cities, flowing with abundance of all sorts of welth & riches, yet it was not longe before they saw the grime and grisly face of povertie coming upon them . . . they saw & found by experience the hardnes of ye place & countrie to be such, as few in comparison would come to them, and fewer

that would bide it out, and continew with them. For many . . . could not endure yt great labor and hard fare, with other inconveniences which they underwent and were contented with." (Jovo recalled the words of a Slavic leader who had said "my people do not live *in* America; they live *underneath* America.")

" . . . as necessitie was a taskmaster over them, so they were forced to be such—in a sorte, to their dearest chlldren—(who) were, often times, so oppressed with their heavy labours, that though their minds were free and willing, yet their bodies bowed under ye weight of ye same, and became decreped in their early youth."

But neither the hard labor of adults through long hours in the textile industries of Leyden, nor even the pathetic ravages of child labor, exhausted the burdens borne by the immigrant Pilgrims. Like all immigrants, they saw the chasm widening between them and their children, who, with the facility of youth were able quickly to slip on a new language and new ways. Assimilation, that inevitable consequence of immigration, was already beginning to spell juvenile delinquency among the English immigrants in Holland just as it does today in our foreign quarters.

Jovo read on, and his quiet eyes grew grave as he thought of the temptations awaiting his own sons and daughters: "But that which was more lamentable and of all sorowes most heavie to be borne, was that many of their children, by these occasions, and ye great licentiousness of youth in yt countrie, and ye manifold temptations of the place were drawne away by evill examples into extravagante & dangerous courses, getting ye raines off their neks, & departing from their parents. Some became souldiers, other tooke upon them farr viages by sea, and other some worse courses, tending to dissoluteness & the danger of their soules, to ye great greefe of their parents and dishonour of God. So that their posteritie would be in danger to degenerate . . ."

Jovo sat for a time in deep thought, his wistful eyes fixed on a chair where a toy or two and some children's clothes were heaped confusedly. Suddenly he clenched his fist and would have struck the table, but instead he began to speak abruptly, his tense arm still lifted, "We fought with brigands in the mountains, and with God's help, we drove back the Turk—we would not fear the savage any more than they. O, Pastor John Robinson, would that you could point *my* people to a new and fresh America with only bitter winds and hunger and red Indians to fight against . . . my boys should never know the reeking hell of these mills and the rotten dens down the river; my girls should never breathe the dust of the tobacco factory nor

answer those greasy devils that try to flatter them. As you fled from Holland, would that we could flee and save our children and our religion, as you saved yours, in the wilderness. Maybe some of us can go—maybe there is still a clean fresh country for our children's children." He closed the book and patted it affectionately. Presently he began absently to untie his shoe, soliloquizing sleepily. The lamp cast distorted shadows about the room. To Jovo it seemed like a ship's lantern lighting uncertainly the recesses of a low-ceiled cabin. The sound of heavy breathing continued to come through the open window. The Pilgrim company was all asleep. . . . He stood up stiffly and yawned.

Up the river the mills were still glaring at the pale midnight stars.

ERVILLE BARTLETT WOODS.

Most Favored Nation

SIR: The Treaty of Peace with Germany contains a provision which is somewhat puzzling and might even be regarded as what in legislative parlance is called a "joker." I refer to the provision concerning most favored nation treatment. The joint Resolution of Congress approved on July 2nd declares in substance that all German property in the hands of the American government shall be retained until the German government shall, among other things, have granted to persons owing permanent allegiance to the United States most favored nation treatment ("whether the same be national or otherwise"—whatever that may mean) in all matters affecting residence, business, profession, trade, navigation, commerce, and industrial property rights. By the Treaty Germany undertakes to accord to the United States all the advantages specified in this Resolution. The declaration of the Resolution is part of its fifth section, which was added in conference, and the most favored nation clause was apparently not discussed in connection with the conference Report either in the House or in the Senate.

To the casual reader it might appear that Germany had agreed to enter into a species of economic bondage to the United States such as in the past has been imposed only upon Oriental nations (China, Turkey, Siam, etc.). As the term has been most generally interpreted, the clause means that whatever advantage is conceded to any nation, automatically enures to the benefit of the most favored nation; and such a stipulation is usually a matter of reciprocity, and not, as in the present case, or in the Oriental cases, one-sided.

The peculiar point, however, is that the government of the United States has always stood for a more restricted interpretation of the clause, according to which only those advantages can be claimed by the most favored nation, which the other nation grants to a third nation gratuitously, not those which it grants for a reciprocal advantage. Nor would the United States, in an early case, admit the contention of France, that she was entitled to unconditional favor, because she had paid for the clause by the cession of Louisiana. The United States replied that if France were granted a privilege which another country obtained only by reciprocal concession, "she would be placed not only on the footing of the most favored nation, but on a footing held by no other nation." The American view is that when not otherwise defined, most favored nation treatment covers only gratuitous privileges to others, if demanded gratuitously. The matter is fully treated in the volume on Reciprocity and Commercial Treaties, published by the United States Tariff Commission in 1919, p. 389.

If the United States is held to its own historic interpretation of a phrase which it has chosen itself, the clause amounts to little more than that Germany may exercise no special discrimination against the United States. This is as it should be; but it may be surmised that the intent of the author of the clause was further reaching. The matter is bound to become of importance at some time, and I should like to see it discussed by some one more competent than I am.

ERNST FREUND.

Chicago, Illinois.

After the Play

The Circle

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is the successor of Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones in the modern English comedy of manners. As the curtain goes up on *The Circle* at the Selwyn Theatre one thinks of Mrs. Tanqueray, and *Mid Channel*, and *The Liars*. There is the English country house, where Arnold Champion-Cheney, M.P., and his young wife Elizabeth are expecting embarrassing visitors. These are Arnold's mother, Lady Kitty, and Lord Porteous with whom she ran away thirty years before. She ran away in her girlish beauty and passion; she returns a worn, faded harridan, trying vainly to recapture her charm with paint and affectation. And Lord Porteous, who might have been Prime Minister, is likewise a ruin. He loses his teeth and his temper by turns, and finds his only refuge in drink. Arnold's father, the technically injured husband, adds to the embarrassment by appearing and lingering on the scene, to enjoy his triumph.

Elizabeth does not love her husband, and does love Teddy Luton, who wants to carry her off to the Straits. As a modern wife she tells her husband frankly that she is going to leave him. Two ways of saving her are apparent. One way is for Arnold to be magnanimous, to set her free, to assure her that he will sacrifice his parliamentary career and give her grounds of divorce, to promise to settle £2,000 a year on her. This is the way of *The Lady From the Sea*. Arnold's father tells him it will work. It always did on the Victorian stage. The other is for Lady Kitty and Lord Porteous to picture all the wretchedness of the lives of the socially hunted, the dreary exile among the unclassed, the sordid suffering without the consolation of tragedy—and Lady Kitty adds privately her tale of the fears and stratagems of the woman who has lost the protection of marriage and has to hold her man by nature and art. Surely this will work. It did in *The Liars*. But it doesn't. Teddy smashes through the faint-hearted counsel of the elders with a few words that carry the drama into a higher spiritual realm. We are beyond Jones and Pinero, and for an instant are with Synge in *The Shadow of the Glen*. And the derelict couple recognize that the fault is not in their stars, but in themselves that they are underlings. In their hearts they give right to the young and brave. A tattered flame of passion rises from the ashes as Lord Porteous and Lady Kitty wave the lovers farewell. And the cynical laughter of old Champion-Cheney at the success of his stratagem is broken by the sound of the wheels of the motor in which they depart. It is excellent dramatic irony. Thus Mr. Somerset Maugham smashes two conventions which his predecessors found so useful in saving society on the stage, and raises his comedy of manners to a drama of character.

The Circle sets a new and higher standard in Mr. Maugham's performance as playwright. Its presentation recalls a standard of acting not seen elsewhere among the Broadway productions of the year. Mrs. Leslie Carter as Lady Kitty, Mr. John Drew as Lord Porteous are admirably true in their caricatures of humanity. Mr. Ernest Lawford as Clive Champion-Cheney sustains his ironic rôle unfalteringly. Miss Estelle Winwood, whose chief success has been in comedy, is appealing in a rôle of unbroken sincerity and emotion. Altogether it is a victory for Mr. Maugham and his interpreters.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The White-Headed Boy

BY shifting from country-folk to small town people, Mr. Lennox Robinson has achieved a delightful variant of Irish comedy in *The White-Headed Boy*, now playing at Henry Miller's Theatre after a year's run in London. One writer declares he has found a national symbol in this play, but he must be an Alexander of ingenuity—he should examine Bluebeard's Eighth Wife for data on the cost of living. *The White-Headed Boy* is comedy in the first place and Irish incidentally—an unpretentious, gay, spirited piece of entertainment at the expense of the human race. To go to it in the spirit of highbrow endeavor would be a mistake.

Mr. Robinson's *White-Headed Boy* is that pride of the hard-working Irish shopkeeper, a medical student. Everything and everyone has been sacrificed to send this ingratiating youth to Trinity, and alas as a reward to his solemn oldest brother, his scrimping sisters, his meddlesome aunt, his fond and foolish mother, he crashes for the third time in his finals. Forgetting the boy's engagement to the postmaster's daughter, forgetting everything but his own outraged righteousness, the oldest brother makes up his mind that the pet of the family must be shipped away to Canada, the dumping-ground of younger sons.

For the honor of the family the light-headed monied aunt insists that Denis is to be shipped to wealthy non-existent relatives at a mythical St. Paul. This news is wafted to Mr. Duffy, the hot-tempered postmaster. To him it means only that his daughter is to be jilted by a Geoghegan who is mounting from his place as the most favored son to unbelievable heights in Canada. Mr. Duffy (Mr. Arthur Sinclair) comes round to interview the Geoghegans in a Vesuvian mood. The aunt, an old flame of his, tries the high horse at first. Mr. Duffy is cutting, sarcastic, bitterly humorous. He threatens a breach-of-promise case. Then the Geoghegans begin secret diplomacy. The aunt buys him off for a stiff sum, and her promise to marry him. (He is widowed.) The solemn brother compromises for twice the amount. The poor mother gives him the sheep-money which she has taken from her son. Mr. Duffy, a man of humor, begins to enjoy the joke and to be consoled for the disgrace to his daughter.

Meanwhile Denis, who has been sacrificed so long to the pride of the Geoghegans, has a few ideas of his own. One of them is to forestall his managing aunt and his peremptory brother. Knowing he has his mother's sympathy; he matures his own little scheme, and when the moment comes for him to go to Canada he upsets Mr. Duffy's apple-cart and lands himself happily and prosperously back into the rôle of the white-headed boy.

"How many a thing which we cast to the ground, when others pick it up becomes a gem." It is in his laughing knowledge of this sort of comedy that Mr. Robinson is so rich. And his company does not fail him. The serious brother (Mr. Morgan) is at times rather noisy and unvaried but monotony is the last thing in the most amusing, baroque performance of the quaint aunt (Miss Maire O'Neill). Mr. Sinclair's performance as Duffy is quick with life, a finely-shaded, wickedly knowing piece of comedy, while the mother (Miss Delaney) is charmingly finished and extremely funny. Mr. Shields as the white-headed boy is skilful and attractive. It is a distinguished presentation of a comedy which is full of neat delight.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Doughboys

Three Soldiers, by John Dos Passos. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

MANY of the young men who went to France in 1918 returned to civilian life hopelessly incommunicative, and some of them saying, "you can never know." Mr. John Dos Passos's novel breaks silence with corresponding sharpness. It is unlikely that it will find great favor with the American Legion, or that it will seem entirely just and salubrious to those who worked at G. H. Q. or with the intelligence corps. It should certainly infuriate the Y. M. C. A. But it is written of the common soldier by a common soldier out of a full heart and an extraordinarily quickened spirit, and, now that the world has been made safe for democracy, we can afford to look at one man's version of the great crusade.

It is, if you like, rather bitter, rather morbid, rather self-centred. The John Andrews of the story had no stomach at all for the war. But since the United States wished "selective service" or what crude people call conscription on its young men, it was inevitable that youths with no stomach for the war should have been jammed into it, in the name of democracy, and the actual results of this deliberate military enslavement are now part of our priceless heritage.

Andrews was apparently a young American of the more highly organized and sensitive kind who happened to take the war "subjectively," as they say. He brought to the army certain large assumptions of the American sort about justice and freedom and equality and consent. Nothing prepared him emotionally for the dirty work of the war—the work of killing, to which he was consigned. Not being emotionally prepared either by the circumstance of his education for the work of killing, not having a sense of necessity or a natural aptitude or any patriotic exaltation, he found in the army an institution particularly revolting. Had it been the army of the Civil War rather than the army of machine process he might not have liked it much better. But this army, at any rate, sickened his soul. He was the type of Crusader who discovered in the American machine a school of intolerance, brutality and self-seeking, violating everything he had ever been taught of equality and freedom and consent and all the other shibboleths of democracy. So long as he kept his faith in these shibboleths, which he did to the end, he was a sick soul, with the Y men and the officers as the worst emetics of all. And, naturally, not trying to get out of the dirty work by those arts of favor or bluff or solicitation to which most people stoop under duress, Andrews never did acquire that full appreciation of the arduous tasks of the G. H. Q., those difficult and delicate activities of the Crillon, those brow-knitting agonies of the intelligentzia, with which so many publicists have sympathy. Andrews kicked against the pricks. He resented cleaning windows, drilling, handling garbage, chasing cooties. He felt affronted by the sweet Y man, the whining Y man, the jolly-em-along Y man, the Christly Y man. He never completely grasped the importance of saluting instantaneously, of giving orders with gusto, of taking orders with equanimity. He had, on the whole, that attitude toward war which is reasonable as regards culture and unserviceable as regards the modern state. We like it when Tolstoi has it, concerning a war a hundred years old.

Granted that many men just as highly organized and

just as sensitive as Andrews took their experience in an entirely different spirit—some of them being even willing to go through with it again rather than have Hohenzollern Germany on top—the fact remains that we have in *Three Soldiers* a remarkable vivification of a significant experience. Mr. Dos Passos has the great sense to embody his theme in his characters, to let them speak and act from their own centres. Consequently our attention is never transferred to the abstract consideration of the author's position. It is passionately absorbed in his presentation of fact. He gives us a drama of war that has the movement, the living light, of *The Red Badge of Courage*, and that never flags except in a few places where, in the Sorbonne period, the author indulges in the rhetoric of beauty. Outside this occasionally cloying lyricism, the story is strikingly clear and unaffected in expression, extremely rich in racy episode and sweeping in its progress from the enlistment well up beyond the armistice. Its account of Andrews's desertion is as exciting as any so-called action story in the all-too-human magazines.

What keeps one most interested is the sense of multitude with which Mr. Dos Passos fills the novel, especially in the earlier part. The fatigue, the monotony, the toadying, the humiliation, the olive-drabness, are woven out of many lives, with Fuselli, an Eyetalian, and Chris from Indiana, as the two simpler friends of John Andrews. Even though Andrews is a man who wants to write music, who goads himself "not to let himself sink too deeply into the helpless mentality of the soldier," he is boyishly at home with the child-like Fuselli and the untamed Chris. And through the voyage overseas, the encampment, the journey up to the front, one has innumerable glimpses of the army in being—with the sergeant whom Chris murders, the poilu who eats glass, the boy who dies of fright, the sage Eisenstein who is "disciplined," the wild Irishman who brags in the cabarets, the complaisant women, the crazy man back from the front. Some of these glimpses are grossly drawn—the Irishmen, for example, talking a perfectly traditional brogue. But the talk on the whole is astoundingly real, with a good dash of verbal paprika and a few verbal cooties hopping about.

And, in the midst of the subordinations with which this soldier's life is poisoned, there comes an assuaging memory or a lovely perception, as for example when Chrisfield is maudlin in a café:

'O the oak and the ash and the weeping willow tree,
O green grows the grass in God's countree!'

'Ole Indiana,' shouted Chris. 'That's the only God's country I know.' He suddenly felt that he could tell Andy all about his home and the wide corn-fields shimmering and rustling under the July sun, and the creeks with red clay banks where he used to go in swimming. He seemed to see it all before him, to smell the winey smell of the silo, to see the cattle, with their chewing mouths always stained a little with green, waiting to get through the gate to the water trough, and the yellow dust and roar of wheat-thrashing, and the quiet evening breeze cooling his throat and neck when he lay out on a shock of hay that he had been tossing all day long under the tingling sun. But all he managed to say was:

'Indiana's God's country, ain't it, Andy?'

Such passages, with an emotion singing through them, are common throughout the book. Majors may pass on the word that prisoners are easier to kill than to ration, sergeants may be falsely jovial or greedily on the make, the young undertaker in hospital may be sardonically per-

ceived or the Y man may be seen vividly, but it is impossible for Mr. Dos Passos not to make pictures and poems as he proceeds. Is he too imagistic? For my part, yes, but it is probable that the criminal brutality shown to Andrews as a military prisoner is thrown into relief by the very fact that he whispers "la reine de Saba, la reine de Saba" in his adolescent soul.

The adolescence of Andrews, cropping out as it does in the romantic picture of Henslowe in Paris and in the collegiate cabaret-unconventionalities of Heineman, is really an element in intensifying the tragedy of Three Soldiers. One feels that the war, for various reasons, was not the best experience for the generation born in the nineties. The officer who starts a man-handling with, "Don't you know enough to salute? One of you men teach him to salute," may in reality be no more brutalized than a certain type of New York policeman. The American major who suggests that prisoners be killed, the Y man who sings "'we're going to get the Kaiser"—now once more, and lots of guts in the get and lots of kill in the Kaiser"—these subservient creatures may be no worse than corresponding figures in the ordinary America from which they were recruited, but the flooding of young life with so much of this sewerage seems to have poisoned a great many of the millions who were enlisted. A conscripted army, in and of itself, is not compatible with the democratic assumptions. To educate men for the army is to denature them for democracy, if there is not willing cooperation on a military basis. And a democracy that goes in for conscription—that is a contradiction in terms, unless one is satisfied with a cleverly bamboozling phrase like "universal voluntary involuntariness" or "universal enforced consent" or "the nationalization of adolescents."

It is this vileness of conscription that gives so much force to Three Soldiers. The A. E. F. contained its high proportion of young men who should never have been soldiers. But as one sees the machine working, with obedience its watchword and Fort Leavenworth or court-martial casting its shadow over the scene for the rebellious, the marvel is that so much rebellious spirit was retained as informs this seething novel. And that, after all, is the best part of it. Mr. Dos Passos's young man is indubitably self-centred, morbid, bitter, but his resistance is a fine thing. If great states cannot launch great wars unless they mobilize public opinion, then the sooner we learn to realize that our one hope of freedom is variety of independent opinion the better. The young men I know personally who went through the war did not all suffer as John Andrews suffered. Some of them went out rather bumptious and came back deeper and more humane. But apart from its brilliant expressiveness and its beauty Three Soldiers should be welcomed for its candor. It shows what sins have been committed in this country's name.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Russia: The Facts Before Us

The Crisis in Russia, by Arthur Ransome. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.60.

MR. RANSOME has come to see the whole Russian struggle from this new angle: that it is no longer one between revolutionary and non-revolutionary countries, since, though they "fight without cooperation, and throw insults and bullets at each other in the middle of the struggle," they are fighting for the same thing, "the salvage of what is left of European civilization." Collapse

is imminent in varying degrees throughout Russia, Poland, Germany, Italy and France; "it is only in England and America that this threat is not among the waking nightmares of everybody." It follows that: "Victory or defeat in this struggle in Russia, or anywhere else on the world's surface, is victory or defeat for everyone," since every country "lost to the economic comity of Europe," narrows the self-dependence of the rest and tends to reduce them to Russia's plight. Mr. Ransome's further endeavor is to avert the class conflict desired by extremists, which in the present state of things would be so fatal; to postpone it at least, in the hope that a day may come when "the warlike on both sides look in vain for the reasons of their antagonism."

In chapters on the shortage of things and the shortage of men, Mr. Ransome draws a terrible picture of the dire straits to which the whole of Russia is reduced, not, as we are daily told in the press, through the criminality of the Bolsheviki, but simply from ceaseless war for nearly seven years, and the effects of the absolute stoppage of importation on a country used to depend for almost everything but agricultural products on other lands. To the lack of transport is due in large part the decline of industry. Workmen are deserting the foodless towns for the villages, where, owing again to lack of tools, production is rapidly decreasing in efficiency. "Russia, in these circumstances," says Mr. Ransome, "may sink into something very like barbarism, for with the decay of the economic importance of the towns would decay also their authority, and freebooting on a small and large scale would become profitable and not very dangerous."

Striving to stem this rising tide, which threatens to swallow up the "organism" of the towns in the "chaos" of the country; confident with the faith which alone under desperate conditions can achieve victory, stands the highly centralized government of the Communist party, a rock of firm purpose amidst the disintegrating waves of economic disorder. Mr. Ransome admits all that the worst enemies of Communism could wish as to the autocratic power of the governing party. "To become a member of the Communist Party involves a kind of intellectual abdication, or, to put it differently, a readiness at any moment to place the collected wisdom of the party's committee above one's individual instincts or ideas." At the same time, Mr. Ransome makes it abundantly clear that under existing circumstances nothing less than a dictatorship could hope to win through at all, and that any other government would have to concentrate on the same problems in identically the same manner. "Russia," he says, "is governed much as other countries are governed, the real directive power lying in the hands of a comparatively small body which is able by hook or crook to infect with its conscious will a population largely indifferent and inert."

The frank and explanatory methods of the Communists in popularizing their governmental measures work greatly in their favor. From Mr. Ransome's account, the famous propaganda trains must be a most effective means of persuasion. Even such a desperate measure for any government to put through as industrial conscription, has been found justifiable by Russia's need, and has been accepted throughout the country in consequence. It is, according to Mr. Ransome, the knowledge that the Communists put Russia first, and that they place themselves in the van of Russia's hard work and defence, that keeps the country tacitly tolerant of their rule, even where not in full approval of their methods; and he leaves no doubt as to the preference of all Russians for Communist dictatorship to

outside interference, whether of their own exiled nationals or other governments. What an ironic light it sheds on our supposed-to-be-civilized western nations, when an Englishman has to admit that in the extremity of her need, Russia cannot even use the full complement of her depleted man power for productive labor, since she cannot afford to be left defenceless!

Very clearly and simply Mr. Ransome tells of the voluntary Saturday labor; of the part played by the trade unions, who work hand and glove with the government; of the Communists' far-reaching plans and hopes; and of other phases of Russian life. But his chief message is a warning to the West, that if Russia is left out of the world's markets much longer, her ability to trade will lapse, and the punishment destined for her will fall back on its perpetrators. Lack of Russian grain will delay, as he shows, German recuperation and power to pay the indemnity, which in turn will hinder the recovery of France. With stagnation of trade through weakened markets in those three countries, England may well be driven to revolution. We may carry this farther, and picture the United States left rotating on its own axis, with an ever widening circle of unemployment. Thus Mr. Ransome likens the war waged on Russia "directly or indirectly by Western Europe," to the act of a sick man, who in delirium does "things which tend to aggravate the malady." He closes by stressing the paradox that though the Communists desire a state of upheaval in other lands, they are doing all they can to reopen trade with them, which is the surest way to prevent it; whereas all those who dread revolution are persistently working to produce it, by urging non-communication with Russia. Mr. Ransome expresses hope of our returning sanity, but since, without the excuse of famine, we peoples of the West continue like the Russian people to be inert, it seems more probable that we shall calmly and blindly await the ruin consequent upon our apathy.

B. U. BURKE.

A Mechanistic View

Forced Movements, Tropisms, and Animal Conduct, by Dr. Jacques Loeb. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

THE title of Dr. Loeb's book quite appropriately expresses its general theme, which may be briefly summarized by saying that tropisms can be explained as forced movements, and that most animal conduct can be analyzed in terms of tropisms. As is well known, Dr. Loeb is one of the chief exponents of what he has designated in the title of one of his previous volumes as "the mechanistic conception of life." It should be the aim of the biologist, according to Loeb, not merely to describe the multifarious phenomena of the living world, but to explain them by ascertaining their physical and chemical causes. In order to accomplish this purpose, biologists are compelled to have recourse to the method of experiment. The whole series of Monographs on Experimental Biology, of which Dr. Loeb's volume was the first to appear, is indicative of the emphasis which modern biology places on experimental inquiry. The Editors' Announcement of the series states that "Experimental Biology and General Physiology are one and the same science, by method as well as by contents, since both aim at explaining life from the physico-chemical constitution of living matter."

This statement, while not in accord with the views of several noteworthy investigators, expresses what is now

good orthodox doctrine among biologists, and I am quite sure it would meet with the approval of most of the American authors who are contributing to the series in question. Biology is rapidly passing from the descriptive to the analytical stage of its development. In the study of animal behavior, investigators, nowadays, are not so much interested in recording the wonders of instinct or in adducing evidence of the sagacity of dumb animals as they are in analyzing behavior to the end of explaining why animals act as they do. Comparative psychologists, like the geneticists, the physiologists, the ecologists and the students of embryonic development, are coming more and more to seek for causes, and to regard the work of observation, comparison and description as processes subsidiary to causal analysis.

Dr. Loeb was among the first seriously and systematically to attack the problems of animal behavior from this point of view. The mechanistic interpretation of life has long been the chief objective of Dr. Loeb's work, whether it be on generation, development, irritability, artificial parthenogenesis, the rôle of salts in vital activity, the behavior of plants and animals, or any of the many other topics to which this investigator has turned his active and fertile mind. Other biologists have had the same ultimate aim, but with very few has this motive been so constantly present and impelling a force. Throughout all his books, and in the flood of papers which have come from his pen, the reader is constantly reminded of the scientific creed of the author, a creed which has inspired a devotion akin to religious fervor, and which is preached with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a devotee who expounds the one true method for saving the soul.

In his latest book Dr. Loeb returns to two topics which were the subjects of his first contributions to science,—brain physiology, and the tropisms of plants and animals. These topics and many others which might seem at first to have little in common he attempts to interpret from a common standpoint. His fundamental category of explanation is the concept of forced movements. And what are these? We shall let the author explain in his own words: "When we destroy or injure the brain on one side," he says, "we paralyze or weaken the muscles connected with this side. As a consequence the morphological plane of symmetry ceases to be the dynamical plane of symmetry and the animal has a tendency to move in circles instead of in a straight line. . . . We speak in such a case of forced movements."

Forced movements of various kinds may be produced in many varieties of animals by unilateral injury to the brain. But they have a significance far beyond their obvious pathological results, for they throw much light upon the behavior of normal animals. "The main difference between the forced movements after brain lesion and the conduct of a normal animal lies in the fact that the former are more or less permanent; while in the normal animal conduct the changes in the relative tone of symmetrical muscles leading to a temporary forced movement are caused by a difference in the velocity of chemical reactions in symmetrical sense organs or other elements of the surface."

It is in regard to the kinds of behavior called tropisms that the application of the theory of forced movements is most evident. Many animals orient themselves in a fairly definite way to a source of stimulation and travel either toward or away from it, as if, in some way, the stimulus exercised a compelling influence over their activities. The moth flies to the candle; the blow fly is drawn toward decaying meat; many fishes orient themselves to currents and

consistently migrate with or against the stream; and certain insects show a proclivity to travel up or down as if their locomotion was directed by the force of gravity. These activities are illustrations of tropisms. And tropisms, according to Dr. Loeb, are the product of forced movements.

We may illustrate this in the case of a phototropic animal in the following way: If the organism is oriented obliquely to the light its two eyes are unequally stimulated. The symmetrical muscles on the two sides of the body become thereby unequally affected. There will be unequal muscular activity on the two sides, and this will cause the animal to turn automatically until its two eyes become illuminated to the same degree, when the creature will proceed either toward or away from the light. The animal's movements are not voluntary; they are not the product of desire or interest; they are simply reflex responses determined by the organization of the body and the nature and position of the external stimulus. As Dr. Loeb says, "What appeared to the older authors as the expression of fondness for light or for darkness was, according to the writer's theory, the expression of an influence of light upon the relative tension of symmetrical muscles."

The mechanistic explanation which is given for the orientation of animals to light may be applied with appropriate modifications to other kinds of tropisms. Animals show tropistic responses to chemicals, gravity, electricity, contact stimuli, currents of air and water, and differences of temperature. These reactions are frequently, but not always, adaptive. They result, in the main, in placing animals in surroundings conducive to life, leading them toward food and away from injurious chemicals, and keeping them in sheltered situations and in favorable conditions of temperature. Animals are, as it were, Cartesian automata, so organized that, without will of their own, they respond automatically in ways that are for the most part suitable for their own preservation and the perpetuation of their species.

The chapters on tropisms prepare the way for the treatment of instinct. "If the tropism theory of animal conduct is justified it must be possible to show that instincts are tropistic reactions." This undertaking Dr. Loeb attempts to accomplish in the eighteenth chapter of his book. Naturally the author is compelled to limit himself to a few illustrative cases.

The female insect lays her eggs upon material suitable as food for the larvae because of her positive chemotropism; the vertical migrations of marine animals are mainly due to changes in heliotropism and geotropism; multitudes of small creatures seek the shelter of rocky niches and crannies because of their positive stereotropism. Animals are "compelled" to act in this way or that by virtue of their inherited structure and the nature of the stimulating objects amid which they are placed. Environment commands and living creatures must obey.

The fact that the activities of living organisms are not so stereotyped as this theory might lead the unsophisticated observer to expect, may be plausibly explained by what is known of the many factors by which reflexes and tropisms may be modified. One cannot, in fact, be quite sure of what any animal may do under a given set of conditions. Even the simplest creatures show a baffling amount of individuality in their behavior, and when one has to do with a cow or a mule he has to allow for a very considerable element of unpredictable responsiveness. Among more primitive forms many of the conditions that inhibit or reverse tropistic reactions have been ascertained. Hunger, satiety, changes due to season, age, and many other causes profoundly modify the ways in which animals respond to any

form of stimulation. Considering the ever-changing composition of a living organism, and the delicate balancing of its various functions, a considerable variation of behavior must necessarily result.

Only one short chapter of Dr. Loeb's book deals with the application of his theory to memory and intelligence. Memory images, according to the author, may exercise an orienting effect. His treatment of this topic is none too clear, and he sets forth his idea as suggesting a possible way in which conduct that is guided by memory images may be subsumed under the theory of tropisms. Such a procedure "may explain why higher animals and human beings seem to possess freedom as well, although all movements are of the nature of forced movements." Man too must take his place in the general scheme. He is a puppet like the rest. "An organism goes where its legs carry it," and "the direction of its locomotion is forced upon the organism."

A mechanistic theory of life to be logically complete and thoroughgoing must apply to all the activities of human beings as well as those of plants and animals. The author does not hesitate to accept this implication of his general doctrine. It is to be regretted that he has not attempted to interpret further the higher forms of behavior which are characteristic of man. But the fact that he has touched lightly on such topics may be due to his conviction that it is most profitable to begin with explanations of phenomena in their simplest manifestations. Dr. Loeb's book gives one of the best accounts of how far animal behavior may be analyzed and explained. And, like his previous books, it will probably exert a stimulating influence upon thought and investigation.

S. J. HOLMES.

Jenny

Jenny, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

JENNY has been labelled immoral by some reviewers, probably because an illegitimate child appears in it, and Jenny Winge, the heroine, is loved by her fiancé's father. But the sad fact about Jenny Winge is that, in spite of undeniable appearances, she is stiffly and terrifyingly moral, if morality means having high ideals and going as far as death because they can't be lived up to. Jenny is a school teacher of about thirty who has left teaching for art. A small legacy sends her to Rome. She doesn't paint quite well enough to be absorbed in her work, and she yearns vaguely for love. But she has her own ideas about love. She has never let herself be kissed because her passion was to be fierce and pure and once-for-all. There was to be no trifling away of the treasure she felt herself able to give. But time goes by, the perfect lover doesn't come, and there is spring on the campagna. She lets Helge Gram, a dreamy Norwegian youth, kiss her, feels ipso facto in love with him, and they become chastely engaged. Home in Norway she is gradually disillusioned about the inevitability of Helge. The only human being who seems to understand her emotional conflict is her fiancé's father, Gert, a sensitive, attractive, unhappily married man. In the pain of breaking with Helge, she turns more and more to his father, and they drift miserably into being lovers.

Jenny discovers soon that this too is unreal, and they part, but there is a child. The child dies, and with it, Jenny feels, all hope of her regeneration. She goes to

Rome again, but she can't paint, nor respond to the affection of a man whom she now knows she could have loved had she met him before she made herself unworthy by betraying her ideals. Then she chanced to meet Helge Gram again. He, suddenly inflamed, follows her to her room and compels her to let him stay. In the morning she kills herself.

Jenny is not one of Sigrid Undset's best books. It is too rigid, too full of fine-spun agonies. If humor is defined as a lack of the sense of proportion, then it fails by being humorless. It seems to justify ever so little those who speak about Norwegian gloom. And yet there is in it so much ability to ensnare visual beauty and so many wise and delicate perceptions that one must hope for translations of Sigrid Undset's maturer works. W. Emmé who has translated Jenny, writes better English than most translators from the Scandinavian. SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Selected Current Books

Early Plays, by Henrik Ibsen. American-Scandinavian Foundation. \$2.00.

Catiline, The Warrior's Barrow and Olaf Liljekrans, translated into English for the first time, by Anders Orbeck.

Six Short Plays, by John Galsworthy. Scribner. \$1.25. Includes *The Little Man*, *Hall Marked*, *The First and the Last*, *Defeat*, *The Sun*, *Punch and Go*.

New Voices, by Marguerite Wilkinson. Macmillan. \$2.25. A revised edition of this interpretation of contemporary Anglo-American poetry.

Man's Descent from the Gods, by A. M. Ludovici. Knopf. \$4.00.

The complete case against prohibition.

The Quimby Manuscripts, edited by Horatio W. Dresser. Crowell. \$3.00.

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The economic aspects of the peasant risings of the French Revolution.

Turns about Town, by Robert Cortes Holliday. Doran. \$2.00.

New York sketched romantically. Dedicated to John Bunker.

Contributors

EDWARD G. LOWRY was formerly Managing Editor of the New York Evening Post. He served in the diplomatic and military service of the United States during the war.

ERVILLE BARTLETT WOODS is connected with the Department of Sociology of Dartmouth College.

EXPERT OPINION ON

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